



## A NEW SONG BALL'D THE BARRACK HILL CAVAN

You young men all attention pay & fair maids lend an ear,  
 I eat you should fall in Cupida's trap I'd have you to take care,  
 For with his dart he pierc'd my heart & has it at his will,  
 For a lovely fair with slow black hair that lives on barrack hill,

Was on a certain thuesday as you shall quickly hear,  
 Into the town of Gavan my course I chanced to steer  
 I espied this lovely fair one which makes my blood run scill  
 She is the pride of young & old she lives on barrack hill,

I gazed with admiration upon this charming dame,  
 Said I sweet fair I am sincere I like to know your name  
 If I would gain your love I'm sure I'd try my skill,  
 To make you mistress of my heart sweet pride of barrack hill,

This fair one she made answer I'm sure your talk is all in vain  
 You need not be uneasy for my love you'll never gain,  
 I am in love with a young man preferred to thee,  
 He is nice a young man as lives in buraganby,

Fair maid I am a farmer's son this young man he did say,  
 I have fifty acres of good land & that not far away  
 If you forsake this young man you'll have it at your will,  
 You may sit & sing & drink your fill at the foot of barrack hill,

Young man you speak quite foolish pray do not me annoy,  
 For were you the night of great Saint John you could not me decoy  
 I am won by one so new begone & do not make so free  
 So it is with my joy my luck I'll try & live in buraganby,

This young man he got mesmeris'd remote to her could say,  
 But in despair he watch'd this fair as she did walk away  
 His limbs got weak he could not speak the tears his eyes did fill  
 With broken heart he had to part the pride of barrack hill

Now if you wish to know her name a vowel you must chuse  
 Three letters from a fish 'n it you must peruse,  
 Three letters from a cet in book heir rope pla es fill  
 It will tell the name of this fair maid the pride of barrack hill